

# THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1917.

## Germany Capitalizes the Stupidity of Our Censorship.

Perhaps it is a broad generalization, yet we will risk it. Here it is: The busiest agent informing the American people today about the war, its aims, its progress, and its management, is the German propagandist.

The American government is keeping the people in the dark. Not so the German agent, the German liar. He is not keeping Americans in the dark. He is supplying them with his own saffron, poisonous glare of half-light—the light of slanders, lies, venality. He is reaping rich dividends from government stupidity. The people are restive under the policy which conceals their own affairs from them. They demand information about the war, the censorship notwithstanding. They are getting information, or misinformation, about the war, and getting it from German propaganda.

The amount of mouth-to-mouth, buncombe which is being circulated, and which is being taken seriously, is amazing. Washington fairly teems with it, and in districts far from the center of things the extent to which it influences public opinion may well be imagined. Much of the buncombe is ridiculous. Nevertheless, honest as well as dishonest folk continue to keep it in motion. It is increasing in bulk constantly.

Here you have the first unwholesome fruit of the incubus of ignorance which our government persists in fastening on the public. Here you have the first sinister by-product of a censorship which treats the awe-inspiring formula "military information" as a blanket to cover almost everything. THE PUBLIC MUST HAVE FACTS. When the government and the newspapers do not supply them, it gets facts (?) from a poisoned source against which there is no inoculation—no defense save the publicity which is now out of form and fashion.

Officials, of course, who are accustomed to dealing with the sophisticated elements of the public, who know nothing of what plain, ordinary folks are talking about, will laugh at all this as absurd overstatement. When a canard hits at a particular official—such as that which recently involved Secretary Tamm—it produces a reaction in the form of a denial. When it hits at the government itself and at the war it produces no reaction. It speeds on its way without correction. Congressmen who are now returning to Washington know something of this, and may perhaps penetrate the complacent official psychosis to a point where it may grasp the folly of the present censorship policy.

The American public is hungry to know as much about their own armies, their own affairs, as the German government does. Why shouldn't they?

## That Jewel Friendship.

In the horrible head of the squirming, crawling, twisting, altogether ugly devil-fish is a most beautiful gem of colors.

In the crowded, dirty streets of Chicago, in her police courts, in her musty dens where lawyers meet to plan and plot devilry, very largely, there has, for years past, been one of the rarest of beauties to who have "eyes with which to see." It was the halt leading the blind; affection born in mutual misfortune.

John Rowan, 33, lawyer, hard up and a cripple; James Johnson, 84, lawyer, hard up and blind! Through the streets, through the court rooms, through the halls of business, through all the parts of the great city where every man is rushing after, reaching after the dollar of the fellow in front of him, young John led old Jim, always. Between the noisy trucks, the cars, the autos and the lumbering wagons, went always, John and Jim arms locked, for young John was safety unto Jim and old Jim was comfort and support unto John. Funny those two are always together, said the money-mad multitude, and rushed on. But there were a few who saw and understood, a few who saw the beautiful jewel in all that mud, the brilliant beauty on the head of the ugly devil-fish.

Blindness is that horror human solitariness. To be a cripple in the war for business is to be jostled off your feet, to be shunted aside, to be pitied, at best, a thing that the unfortunate hate. But old Jim had John, and could see; and young John had Jim, and could not be toppled from his crutches.

And so they went through the city always locked arm and arm, heart and heart, a beautiful sight amidst the soot, and war and turmoil.

On Thursday last, the Angel of Death said, "Old Jim Johnson, 84 years is enough. Come! Thou shalt see forever more," and took him.

Within that same hour, 'twas said to young John Rowan, "Put aside thy useless, crippled limbs. Thou wilt not need them in eternity with Jim." And John went with the angel, too.

Some sentimental Chicagoans are trying to have the bodies of these two friends buried side by side in some cemetery. Appropriate but maybe unnecessary! It may be that old Jim and young John are still living arm in arm.

## The Redemption of the Holy Land.

When the crescent is torn down from the citadel at Jerusalem by the gallant army of Gen. Allenby, the Ninth Crusade for the reclaiming of the "Holy Sepulchre" from the hand of the infidel and the Ottoman will have been brought to a brilliant close.

It is 818 years since the soldiers of the First Crusade first scaled the walls of Damascus. What glorious Christian history has been written on this sacred soil since the days of the fiery preaching of Peter the Hermit, what memories of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, Saladin, Urban II, the Doge Michael, are evoked by the events that are transpiring today! Those glorious adventures of the Christian spirit known as the Crusades, in which the cross of St. George was always conspicuous, are rewritten today in a strange new setting, one which is almost a minor incident of a world war, and almost lost in the sub-end of a newspaper column devoted to larger affairs of the sweeping drama.

It is the future of Palestine, however, and not the past, that is to be dealt with. The Zionist movement—the establishment of a Jewish state in the Holy Land—is projected into the immediate scope of world politics by the impending British conquest of Jerusalem. The day is approaching when this idea no longer will be a vision and an aspiration, but will come within

measurable distance of accomplishment. Christianity will welcome the wresting of Palestine from the grip of the Turk, and the trusteeship of the Jews over the ancient home of their race. The whole allied world will give its backing to the project beyond doubt. It is even possible that the creation of a Zionist state in Palestine may become one of the war aims of the allies, if any formal restatement of these aims is made.

The now famous letter of Arthur J. Balfour, British foreign minister, to Lord Northcliffe is sufficient proof of British purpose. There is no doubt as to what the attitude of the United States will be. The only question is whether the protectorate to be established over Palestine is to be internationalized, or shall be British, in view of the fact that a British army has ousted the Turk from it, and that Egypt is part of the British domain. Of course, it is doubtful whether the Turk and the Saracen will be in a position to threaten it for generations to come. The claims of the Turk to the domination of the Mahometan world, the clumsy efforts of Germany to encourage pan-Islamism as a back-fire against British and French rule in India, Egypt, and North Africa, are effectively countered by the steady progress of the British armies in Mesopotamia and in Palestine.

Even the German press is now agitating for a restudy of the Zionist question, and deploring the past negligence of the German government. Of course, while the pan-German idea rules the German mind, with the Turk as an integral factor in it, the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine is no more compatible with German purpose than the creation of an Armenian state in Anatolia. But it is evident that Germany in due course will disclose a propaganda among the Hebrews of all nations, dangling the bait of Palestine before them, provided they join the Berlin peace drive.

## Story About a Young Man.

We have just been favored with a peep at the family letter of a San Francisco youth whom we well knew and who is now in the training camp at American Lake.

This young man's widowed mother died, a couple of years ago, leaving him an independent fortune. She had also endowed him with much personal beauty.

Now, give a young man much money and much beauty, and the chances are 7 in 10 that the list of his aspirations and the things in his career will run about like this:

Clothes—all sorts, and the more passionate the better; sixty-four pairs of trousers, thirty-two coats, four overcoats, six canes, eighteen hats, twenty-eight pairs of shoes, twenty-five pajamas with lace and pink bows, and a valet who will stand being kicked.

Women—all sorts, those well painted and bejeweled preferred; those dressed to the "scream" degree a particular specialty; good girls, bad girls, or just girls—anything so that one becomes a "killer."

Wine—all sorts, provided they're high-priced. Ill spent the night when next morning's sun does not rise on two dozen empty champagne bottles outside one's hotel room. By cracking plenty of bottles one can often camouflage the evidence that oneself is cracked.

Occupation—all sorts, except work. Being rich and beautiful, one will be most noticed if standing on a corner, or at a theater's entrance where the women can see one. The old beaten paths of pleasure, also, will still hold some money that one may want to cyclone into them.

Finish—old age at 35, or delirium tremens, the asylum, the gutter, or the grave. One is not particular when one's money and beauty are gone.

Now, this young Frisco man had got just such a list as the foregoing set in his head and had actually got some distance toward the last of the items named above, when Uncle Sam came along and selected him for that American Lake training camp. Read what we peeped at in his letter to his folk back in Frisco.

"The food here is good. I like the living quite as well as I did that at the St. Francis Hotel. Maybe it's because I'm sometimes actually hungry."

"For the last two weeks I've been set at peeling potatoes. I don't mind it at all."

This is all of the Story About a Young Man. Maybe we'll give you the sequel later on. Meanwhile, you can put your mind on this.

Moral—may be hell but hell maybe salvation, in some cases.

With a separate peace with outsiders, what a lovely fight those Russians would stage at home!

In Philadelphia you have to have a doctor's certificate of illness in the family, in order to get coal. Maybe we're going to hear a yell for doctorless days.

Mount Lassen volcano is cooling off, right at the beginning of the California tourist season. That Lassen always was a mean little apology of a volcano, anyhow.

Clemenceau, France's new premier, was once a Connecticut schoolmaster. Oh! those foreign nations have to come to us when they have nuts to crack—or nutmegs!

Thus far German submarine devilry has cost Norway 660 ships and 713 sailors. Being a kind neutral neighbor to folk like German autocrats sure has its drawbacks.

Just to be in style, Mexico has placed a military censorship on her hunt for Villa. Verily, the life of the war correspondent consists of one-third guess work, with the other two-thirds devoted to sitting muzzled altogether.

Iceless days next? United States Chemical Bureau warns against an ammonia famine in the artificial ice industry. Natural ice dealers are already smiling. "We're lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs.

We are spending on airplanes and air service a sum greater than England's prewar budget for military, naval and civil service combined. It makes the British feel that we're in earnest. But making the Germans feel anything will be a matter of bombing.

## America Speaks.

Still the war rages and still the heart bleeds. Committed by bloodthirsty, barbarous Huns, Who fail to think blood of their own dying sons Is a voice of protest, so deep and so strong, That cries from afar that proud Germany's wrong. But since things unjust on our earth thrive not well, The fate of Germania is doomed unto hell.

Sure sorrow and sadness shall visit us all, As we fight for the cause that we know cannot fall.

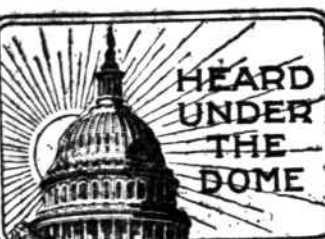
Let us work, let us strive, let us push, let us drive, Till the curse of mankind shall cease to survive.

For the harm she has caused we seek not revenge, Far nobler our purpose than that; to avenge The deaths of our brothers and sons whom we lost When 't was fought that our freedom at terrible cost Be preserved, maintained, and ne'er be double-crossed.

For we entered the strife with a clean heart and hand, And we shall we quit, should it take every man's hand To defend the dear flag that forever shall wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—A. Robert Denison, Technical High School.

## PLENTY OF TALENT—WHAT THEY NEED IS A DIRECTOR.



Would Depose Mann.

If some Republicans had their way they would depose Congressman James Mann as leader of their lower house legions. The task of accomplishing this change, however, is such an enormous one, and might involve the party in such an internal disturbance, that the men who desire it most are afraid to attempt it.

The chief objection to Mr. Mann is that he has not been sufficiently belligerent to suit some of his party mates. He appears to have satisfied his home folks in his fight against unusual preparation for war, but that does not mean satisfaction for his party, the nation over, by any means. The hope of those who disagree with his stand was that he would retire from the field at the commencement of the regular session, and would thus make it easy for his party members to fill his place.

There are Republican members who feel that even if Mr. Mann is left in the role of minority leader the position of the party should be defined, at some time or other during the coming session, in such a way that it will be shown not to coincide with Mr. Mann's position.

Democratic encouragement in starting a Republican battle is said not to be lacking. The representation of the present house is so close between the major parties that the majority party wants to make a further gap, and its leaders therefore would welcome a Republican split which would bring defeat to some of the Republican members who participated in it.

## Against the Pacificists.

Members of Congress were pleased to read of Vice President Marshall's speech in a Western town. He assailed the Kaiser's idea of government and his idea of America and concluded an inspiring speech by saying:

"Had the Kaiser known a couple of years ago that America would have been united in a war against his nation the Lusitania and other ships of ours would never have been sunk."

The members take this to mean that if the Kaiser had not been misled about America's attitude before the pacifistic action of some of our public men he would have given this country a cause to make war upon him. Moreover, the Kaiser would not have tried to spread his propaganda here because, had he understood that we were a united nation, he would not have thought we had a faction bound susceptible of being approached along pacifistic lines.

This idea confirms the suggestions which have been made in the Congressional cloakrooms from time to time—that the pacifists did us irreparable harm the two years or more before we actually entered the conflict. Had it been possible to suppress them com-

## OPHELIA'S SLATE.



## A LINE OF CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

MEMORY.

In hours of deep perplexity I'm thankful for my Memory Which takes me from the troubled Back to some earlier peaceful world Where the drab world was fresh and green.

And life was happy and serene, And in my soul I find release, And I begin to sing, so glad Am I for blessings I have had. (Copyright, 1917.)

pletely during that period, the danger signal would have been displayed, and Germany would have seen it. And if Germany had seen the danger signal, their few members of Congress who believe that she would have fully allowed any of her acts to forfeit America's neutrality.

In short, then, the members believe that the Kaiser's note of the activities of our pacifists convinced him that America could not enter the war. He therefore took liberties with us through overt and insidious propaganda, and every step he took was guided by our pacifistic friends. Thus did the men who sought to conduct us through a Utopian maze to everlasting peace bring us eventually to war.

## James Disgusted.

Senator Ollie James is disgusted—yes, he is said to be angry. And it is all over the refusal of Louisville, Kentucky, officials to permit fully qualified electors to vote in a recent election there. The electors mentioned were said to be soldiers at an adjoining military camp who were entitled to vote and whose votes, had they been cast, would have given the election machinery for next year into different hands.

It is claimed by adroit observers that the reason Senator Ollie is mad is that election machinery in the hands of "the enemy" may be most dangerously handled. And Ollie comes up for re-election next year, and election boards in Louisville might find enough votes there to defeat him.

## Get Out Big Men.

Congress is going to consider the approaching session as a continuance of the lately adjourned session. And while the time is not too heavily burdened with grave matters it is possible the members will pack through a resolution giving as the opinion of Congress that every big man in the business world who can be of supreme aid to Uncle Sam in the present mammoth conflict should be drafted for the duty. That is, where there are experts who are outstandingly prominent in their chosen fields and where the government can unquestionably benefit by the use of their services, it may be expressed as the opinion of Congress that the cabinet officers should not hesitate to call upon such men for aid, and to accept it where proffered.

All of the cabinet officers are good men, of course Congress realizes this. It is possible that all the experts in the country have something worth while which they can share with these cabinet officers. The step is worth trying, so any number of the members think.

## OTHER-WORLDLINESS.

Other-worldliness is indissolubly bound up with the Gospel, bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh. That sacrosanct craving of the soul will come back to haunt us whenever we smother this most Christian instinct in any cult of worldliness, whether that cult assume the benevolent guise of philanthropy, or art, or truth for truth's sake. With the Christian conviction that his real treasure lies in Heaven will always have an ascetic implication. Modernity has been rather sceptical whether it is prudent to risk the substantial treasures it holds in its hands for any of the unseen variety. It will sing about them and hear them preached, but it has gone persistently on, dedicating its will to tangible riches. The Churchman.



New York, Nov. 25.—George M. Cohan left his pigs and geese out on his long island place the other day long enough to breeze into New York in his roadster to see Broadway before the lights were blown out.

Broadway has played a prominent part in the life of Broadway. His visit was purely social but before he left he received a telephone message to call at the music publishing house of Leo Feist.

He did. He was there 20 minutes and when he left he carried in his inside coat pocket a check for \$25,000—the price paid for his war song "Over There." It was the biggest deal ever put over in the music publishing field.

Cohan wrote the song in exactly a half hour. He didn't want to write it. He wanted to rest, but his energetic pig agent kept nagging him and he did—just like that.

The price of \$25,000 represents \$161 a word and \$138 a note. A complete opera such as one by Puccini, for instance, is frequently valued at \$15,000. Cohan had already made \$42,000 out of the song before he sold it now it is predicted that the sales will reach 2,000,000 in the next two years. I saw Cohan after the sale and I also saw the check—so it was not a publicity stunt.

The highest previous payments per word for writing were said to be Kipling's for "The Day After Tomorrow" and a war jingle, done in a half hour, to run the price up to \$161 a word.

The Quill is the latest publication to amuse jaded lives in Greenwich Village. All vortices, equilibrist, libertists, purpurists, socialists, polytechnists and metaphysicians—whatever they may be—are urged to subscribe to the latest literary outburst.

In its advertising matter the Quill says: "Do you like good literature? The Quill does not accept Irvin Cobb's work. Are you an artist? We have no pictures by Gibson or Christy. Do you believe in free love? Buy the Quill. Were you a friend of the late Mrs. Joe? His sharp, witticized picture appeared in the Quill."

And to celebrate the birth of The Quill the Greenwich Villagers are giving the Dance de la Lune, which lasts from noon up until sun up. Guests are implored to come in their mummy clothes or their Egyptian necklaces and to check their hypodermic needles at the door. Costumes may be as necessary as champagne in the bath. All Pom Pom poddies will be sponged and pressed while you wait.

The magistrate in the Washington Heights Court looked down through his spectacles at Philip Anderson, who was accused of striking his wife. "You here again, Anderson?" asked the Judge. "Why, you're only out of the workhouse."

"Well, you see, Judge," he began, "we have mice in the house—you know how it is, Judge—and my wife set a trap for them. I was going around the room in my bare feet—you know how it is, Judge—not thinking of the trap. I stepped on the bait and my big toe got caught in the fooling by one—do you know how it is, Judge?"

"What has that got to do with striking your wife?"

"I threw the trap at her—you know how it is, Judge—and she didn't dodge it."

"No, I don't know how it is. You had been drinking last night?"

"I had one drink—you know how it is, Judge."

## PLAIN TALKS - By John D. Barry

The Washington that I saw a year ago is very different from the Washington I have been seeing during the past few days. The tearing up and the rebuilding work of New York, which always gives the impression of being in the state of transition. The crowds in the street intensify the metropolitan effect. It is said that during the past few months 600,000 people have been added to the population. One result is that Baltimore has lately been taking toward Washington something of the relation of Brooklyn to New York. There are actually persons who do business in Washington and who go to Baltimore for comfortable lodging and sleep.

Amidst this situation, persist, mind you, whilst Congress is not in session, "I have never known Washington to be so active as it is now," said an old resident to me today, "even at the height of the Congressional session. Once, as soon as Congress adjourned, Washington became a country village. This year nothing of the kind has happened. The explanation is that Washington is the center of the nation any more. It has become a great commercial center."

The Chamber of Commerce, in recognition of the change, has lately doubled its membership. The other civic organizations are encouraging the growth. One enthusiast has gone so far as to predict that the population of the city will double in five years. It is a much more picturesque Washington that it used to be, although it used to be the most picturesque city in the country. The uniformity of variety and color to crowds that were formerly sombre or drab. But the air of leisure is gone. No more can Washington be described as "Sleepy Hollow." It is impossible to walk along the streets without being impressed by the sense of importance in many of the faces, the consciousness of being engaged in great affairs. The idealists jostle the exploiters who have come in swarms to struggle for a share in the big contracts, in competition with the men of legitimate business. Many of the idealists have left the position at home to work here for small salaries or for no salary at all, happy in the thought that they are being of public service.

The hotels, the apartment houses, the lodging houses and boarding houses are so crowded that their prices soared dazlingly. To find a place to lay your head is to have something of the feeling of the situation there is the inevitable local prosperity that makes the Wash-

ington of all the year round, particularly cheerful. Perhaps it is something more than the familiarity breeding contempt that makes them indifferent to administrative activities here of nation-wide significance. For example, Herbert Hoover says he has had less response from Washington than from any other part of the country. It really must be hard for the Washingtonians to realize in the midst of this seeming prosperity.

The demand for labor here persists in spite of the great inflow of workers. Today in a street car I saw an advertisement calling for a thousand men to come at once to work at Camp Meade, lying between Washington and Baltimore, with the promise that their fares should be paid each day between their homes and the camp. All kinds of workers are in demand. A carpenter is eagerly welcomed even if he is not skilled. The government needs office buildings and needs them at once, and is losing no time in getting them started and finished too. The officers for the food stores and workers were built in a very few weeks.

There is so much business to be done as a result of the war that the demand for stenographers has lifted stenography in Washington among one of the most remunerative of industries and offered stenographers great temptations to commit the sin of pride as well as to indulge in luxury. One stenographer that I met today in one of the large hotels told me that she received \$3.00 and hour for dictation. If the war goes on for a year, the stenographer will be able to retire with the declaration of peace.

With the coming of November prohibition became the law of Washington. It may be said to have established itself with tranquillity. To be sure, it is not so drastic as it might have been. Strong drink can still be bought here. Frequenter of clubs and fashionable houses will not be subjected to harsher treatment than they have been noted are not of great significance and yet have a certain interest. There is much less eating in restaurants after the theater and much less loafing in restaurants by day. Intoxication on the streets has disappeared, a circumstance that seems to indicate the law is finding acceptance.

The public dining in Washington, for from losing its interest, has ebbed. There is no need of stimulant to give the scenes animation. On all sides there are the evidences the great struggle the nation is engaged in, the struggle that is eating up all the resources of the nation.

handling of all casualty lists. Not only will we over here know who over there has been hurt or slain, but we will know where that American boy's nearest relatives live.

This system will do a lot toward heading off the wave of casualty lists which pan-German propagandists spread in America. The card-index plan makes it impossible for any Sammy to be wounded, captured or slain without his nearest relative being promptly notified. If no such notice is received from official sources no harm has befallen Sammy. There will be no "unknown dead."

Every man in the army, whether officer or private, will be indexed by name and the records filed in alphabetical order for immediate reference should the names appear either in army orders or casualty lists. With the description of each soldier given, the time of his next of kin, with address.

The War Department may decide upon the plan of identification which has been in vogue in the regular army. This system is that each soldier shall wear about his neck, underneath his clothing, a small aluminum tag giving his name and company. So always there is a line of communication from the boy fighting in the trenches over there, or in training camps here, and his nearest relative, through the card index at Washington.

20 more days to buy a Christmas Present

UNCLE SAM TO KEEP OUR BOYS CARD-INDEXED

Sammy is to be card-indexed. In that way Uncle Sam will keep track of every soldier, sailor or aviator, and in any way to his armed forces. The card index will permit prompt

WHAT THEY SAY AT THE WASHINGTON HERALD

With the Front Ranks

Always forward—always progressing—never lingering when we know we are pointed in the proper direction.

That, in a nutshell, is the secret of success.

Carrying the advertisers and their readers on this ever-unrushing current of progress, there can be but one result for the business men who use the advertising columns of The Washington HERALD.

Having the largest percentage of HOME CIRCULATION of any newspaper in the city of Washington, The HERALD brings "home"—in more than one sense of the word—the news supplied by one of the most efficient and finest service organizations, coupled with the advertising of Washington's appreciative, as well as knowing, business men.

This newspaper is a HOME PAPER—published for, delivered to and READ in the HOMES.

There is no yellow glare about this paper—it is ALWAYS a glowing organ—the voice of the people.

It burns for YOU.

Follow The HERALD in its forward march—keep abreast of it, and profit in the accruing success and profits it brings.

The HOME PAPER—The Washington HERALD! GEORGE BROWN.